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IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL de JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915

June 19, 1931

Elogy.

To the Memory of my dear Friend and Brother, Mr. William Taylor, *late Preacher of the Gospel in* St. Stephens Coleman-street.

IS *Taylor* dead? *Taylor* of *Coleman-street*?
That learned Orthodox Divine, that sweet
Evangelist; that true *Nathaniel*,
An *Israelite*, in whom no guile did dwell:
Simple, yet *Compounded*; vertues combin'd
Within his heavenly bosome were enshrin'd.
Who can compute our loss? for in this one
We, truly, seem to lose a *Million*.
Strife was 'twixt's Life and Doctrine t' inherit
The Preeminence, either did it merit;
But 'twas concluded, to decide the strife,
Life was in his Doctrine, *Doctrine* in his life;
He taught by both, his Congregation,
He *Doctrine* Preach't, liv'd the *Application*.
So great a *Student*, one would think that he
Neglected had his *publique Ministry*,
And yet in *publique*, so did he abound,
You'd think no time for *Study* could be found;
Save that the hearer well might judge that he
Such notions never Preach't *Extemporie*.
Some for *op'ning the Text*, do passing well;
Others in *Application* do excell;
Some men with skill in *Languages* abound,
In th' *Antient Fathers* others are profound.
Some for *School-Divinity*, famous are,
Some *Practical*, some for *Polemik* rare,

The gift of ſome doth moſt in *Prayer* lie,
In *Preaching* others claim their excellency:
Taylor excell'd in All, as if that He
Of All theſe gifts had the *Monopoly*.
Sweet in converſe, *delightful*, but not *vain*;
Nothing *impure* did his Communion ſtain.
Humble, but not *baſe*; *Grave*, but not *auſtere*;
Not *raſh*, but *valiant*; *joy* was mixt with *fear*.
Meek in his *own Cauſe*, but in *Gods* ſo *ſtout*,
Pſal. 69. 9. The *Zeal thereof did wholly eat him out.*
His *bounty* had undone him, but that he
Did give in *Faith*, as well as *Charity*.
He ey'd the *Promiſe* which ſaith not in vain,
Prov. 11. 25. * *He that waters, wat'red ſhall be again.*
Thus he * thriv'd by giving, for thereby,
Iſa. 32 8. The *bread* which *Love* did *break*, *Faith* did *multiply*.
Caſes of Conſcience, skilful to untie
He was, and balm to wounded ſouls apply.
His dear *Relations* ſo fulfil did he
With fruitful influence, and Piety,
That *Wife*, *Children*, *Servants*, *Familiars* All
Riſing up early, did him *Bleſſed* call.
Faithful he was to his *Religion*,
His *Principles*, *Truſt*, and his *Commiſſion*.
Faithful to *Chriſt*, till death, nothing could make
That precious Saint once to *prevaricate*;
Not *Wife*, or *Children*, nor of all moſt dear,
His *Miniſtry*; Nothing did lie ſo near
His heart as th' *intereſt of Chriſt*: For *Him*
Death in its horrid'ſt ſhape had welcome bin.
Nothing too dear for Chriſt: He knew full well,
Chriſt had redeem'd him from the loweſt *Hell*.
In ſhort, this was the *Value* of the man,
Each mans perfection made his *Anagram*.
And is he gone? Let *England* mourn, 'cauſe ſhe
Hath loſt a Mourner, a true *Jeremie*;
Another *Elijah*, who for her ſake,
Interceſſion unto God did make

Unceſſantly.

Unceſſantly. Let *London* weep a tear,
Becauſe a light is fallen from her Sphere,
Of ſweeteſt influence, and perfection,
No *ſingle Star*, but a *Conſtellation.*
Yea, let his Orphane *Congregation* weep
Forth ſad laments; Now left as *ſheep*
Without their *Shepherd*; Let *Wife* and Children moan,
Her *Guide of youth*, Her *Boſome-Teacher's* gone;
Their *Father*, who by *Paul-like* Prodigie
Chang'd *Sex*, and *travell'd*, their *New-birth* to ſee.
Let Friends lament, to whoſe *Arcana* He
Was wont both *Ark* and *Oracle* to be.
And oh that mine head were waters, mine eye
Of tears a fountain day and night to cry
My ſad complaints, for loſs of ſuch a Friend,
Who as *another Soul* to me hath bin.
At the report of ſo ſad a ſtory,
Who can forbear, * *Ah Lord, and ah his glory!*
This Aggravates our ſorrows, that his *Sun*
Did ſet *at Noon*; before his work was done.
Before his work was done! I muſt unſay
That word, His work was done in *half his day:*
So faſt he wrought, and being girt with might,
Thought his task to *double* 'fore 'twas *night*;
Death *ſnarl'd*, yet fearing th' encounter; at length
Layes *Ambuſh* for him; and conſumes his ſtrength
By *lingring ſickneſs*, promiſing thereby
Unto himſelf the eaſier Victory.
But was no means applied in due time,
To have prevented Death's fore-ſeen deſign?
Why were not Learned *Phyſitians* feed
To conſult his *Cure?* Ah, there was no need;
Of ſo great worth, ſo much belov'd was he,
They feed *Him*, their *Patient* for to be:
That *Proto-Medicus* of *Court*, ſans compare,
Invites him home, to be his Boſom-Care,
And Studies him with ſuch anxiety,
As, if *Taylor* liv'd not, *Himſelf* muſt dye.

Credere unam animam in duobus eſſe diviſam. Min. Hel. Octav.

* Jer. 22. 18.

A Conſumption.

But all in vain: Then where *Physitians* end,
Divines begin; whole dayes in prayer they spend,
Melch. Ad. As *Luther* for *Miconius* once did pray,
As if they mean't not God should say them nay;
Not like success! Prayer, that could command
* Josh. 10. 12, 13. The * *Sun stand still* once *an whole dayes space*, and
* 2 King. 20. 11. Bring * back the shade in King *Ahaz Diall*,
By *ten degrees gone down*, could not recall
The Setting Sun of holy *Taylors life*;
Nor all the cryes, of *Children*, or of *Wife*:
His work was done; Then said his Lord to him,
* Mat. 25. 21, 22. * *Well done Good Servant, Faithful thou hast bin,*
In what is less, Come take thy *Robe* and *Crown*,
* Rev. 3. 21. And * *Reign with me for ever on my Throne.*
A joyful word it was; for when as he
Death, as his *Fathers Messenger*, did see
Make his approach, *He*, *Welcome Death*, did cry,
Welcome my best friend, welcome Eternity.
But Death *retreating*; much he did complain,
As one near *Shore*, hurl'd back into the *Main*
Of *Disappointment*; ceased not to mourn,
Untill eft-soon Death hast'ned his return;
And from the Court of Heaven, his *fiat* brings:
Then *Bowing head Swan-like* (this Song) he sings,
Psal. 31. 5. *Into thy hands, Lord, I commit*
My spirit, which is thy due,
For why thou hast redeemed it,
Oh Lord my God most true.
I'le say no more, but add to *Balaam's* wish,
* Numb. 23. 10. *LET HIS LIFE BE MINE**, my last end like His.

Sic mærens flevit

T. C.

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